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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 27, 1898.

THREE MONTHS IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

We shall begin next week the publication of a story that is unique in literature. It is entitled, "Three Months in the Southern Confederacy," by Lieut.-Col. Fremantle, of the Coldstream Guards, one of the most famous regiments in the British army. Fremantle is now a Lieutenant-General in the British army, and Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, and commanded a brigade in the Sudan campaign. This narrative was first published in Mobile during the war, on thin paper and bound in wall-paper covers. It had a very limited circulation, and has always been so scarce as to be found only among collectors. To the mass of readers it is unknown. Its value consists in the fact that it was written by a foreigner, a military man, on a tour of observation. He was rather friendly to the rebels, and now and then shows his bias in what he writes. We can afford at this day, however, to look complaicently on these phases of the work. At the time Col. Fremantle wrote he knew his Government was doing all it could to help the South whip the North, and it was only natural for him to show that he was a true Briton.

It is as a picture of actual conditions within the rebel lines that the work is now valuable, and of deep interest to those interested in the details of the gigantic struggle. We believe our readers, who have been pleased with Dr. Cannon's "Inside of Rebeldom" will find Freemantle's work a great treat.

The men who won the great fight, and their children and grandchildren, will enjoy nothing better than to know how things looked on the other side.

We have arranged to copiously illustrate the work, a feature which the original lacked.

THE accounts of the Postal Money Order offices are now undergoing investigation, and the Post Office Department feels elated over the fact that it discovers only about 120 faults, irregularities and frauds in 120,000. Suppose that so great a percentage as 120 frauds in 120,000 could be discovered in the pension list, how the country would ring with clamors against the "corrupt pension-roll." There is no question but that the postal money system is exceedingly well managed, and nobody thinks of denouncing it because there is something wrong with one order in 1,000. On the other hand, the severest investigation has not been able to detect more than one fraud in 10,000 pensioners. This is sufficient answer to the pension-hating clamor.

IF the Boards of Examining Surgeons can be as easily fooled as Commissioner Evans says, by any man simulating deafness, it is high time that he ousted all those legacies from the Cleveland Administration, and put competent physicians in their places.

WE have sent the battleship Maine to Cuba. This should have been done two years ago.

THE LARGEST PERCENTAGE.

The 12th Mass. (Webster Regiment) makes a claim for the honor hitherto held unquestioned by the 1st Minn. of the highest percentage of loss in a single engagement.

The 1st Minn. took into its famous charge at Gettysburg eight companies, with 262, all told, present for duty, and lost 51 killed and 173 wounded; a total of 224, or 82 per cent.

The 12th Mass. had nine companies in line at Antietam, with 262 present—swords and muskets. It had 49 killed, 163 wounded and 10 missing. As the latter were not afterward heard from, the presumption is that they were killed. This makes a total loss of 222, or 84 per cent.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Hon. Henry Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions.

SIR: As yet there is no word of reply from you to the earnest request that we made last week in the name of all the veterans in the United States, and their widows and dependent ones.

Words cannot express to you the anxiety with which they look to you for some expression which will aid them in this day of sore trial, when the press of the country is the vehicle of the most hurtful slanders upon them as a class.

They feel most strongly that they have the right to look to you for such aid and comfort against their enemies. You owe your present position to them. You owe all the political honors that have been heaped upon you directly to them. You come from a portion of Tennessee which claims to have sent a larger proportion of its population into the Union army than any other section of the country. Those people sent you to Congress because they felt that you were particularly their friend. You were given an important position under President Harrison's Administration as their representative. Your Congressional District in Tennessee is filled up with veterans whose services and sacrifices in behalf of the National integrity are exceedingly well-known to you. All these who have honored and aided you so much in the past now look eagerly to you for a vindication of their honesty and patriotism.

It is a great opportunity do them a service, and make some return for all that they have bestowed upon you. The veterans everywhere feel that it was by their votes that the present Administration was put into power, and that it came in with profuse protestations to deal more kindly and justly with them than its predecessor had done. When, forgetting political differences, they united to vote for Comrade McKinley they felt that they were voting for a warm, zealous friend, who would make them forget the cruelties and injustices they had endured at the hands of President Cleveland and his subordinates. To you has been entrusted the duty of meeting these just expectations.

What has pained them most deeply is that many of their assailants claim to have derived their information directly from you, and so far you have never denied that they did so. We respectfully urge that justice to yourself and gratitude to the men who have in the past honored you with their votes suggest that this cannot be done too soon.

All that they want of you is a statement of plain, simple official facts, connected with the administration of the pension system. These facts, stated in their driest and most concise form, will be ample refutation of all the calumnies that have been heaped upon them.

You can tell how much money Commissioner Lochren asked and received from Congress for the purpose of making investigations. You can tell how the greater portion of the force in the Pension Bureau was turned upon the work of "fraud-hunting," and labored at it industriously for four years. You can tell how an army of spies and informers covered the land, all eager to find something to justify their employment. You can tell how every scrap of information prejudicial to any pensioner was eagerly seized upon and made the most of. You can say with perfect truth that human ingenuity could not devise more searching methods than were employed. Every name on the pension roll was subjected to the severest examination. We shall not ask you to detail the cruelties and injustices worthy of the days of the Inquisition, which tens of thousands of deserving men and women endured during this period. We simply ask you for a calm, passionless abstract of facts from the records of your office, and then to couple with them a statement of the exact number of frauds developed by this crucial process.

We reiterate our strenuous belief that this is not only a matter of justice and gratitude to the brutally berated pensioners, as a class, but it is due to the people and tax-payers whose money is disbursed through the Pension Bureau. The whole public mind is disturbed upon the question of pensions, and the integrity of the operations of the Pension Bureau. It hungers for precise information on the subject. Very much less stress of public interest has hitherto been sufficient to induce other Bureaus to give the fullest information in regard to their workings. We are quite sure that the Commissioner of Patents, of Customs, of Indian Affairs, of Internal Revenue, of the Land Office, etc., if subjected to anything like the fire which has been directed against the Pension Bureau, would have long ago hastened to give the public comprehensive and authoritative information.

Why not do it at once? The veterans desire it. They have nothing to conceal. They want the frankest exposition that you may choose to make of any material facts. They are certain that any such an exposition will be a vindication of them.

We see every reason why you should do it, and none why you should not.

We earnestly request it of you in the name of every veteran and friend of the veterans in the whole country.

Very respectfully,

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

NUMBER OF LIVING VETERANS.

The New York *Sun's* statement that there are but 727,000 surviving veterans, while there are 733,000 already on the pension roll, and 187,000 more trying to get there, is receiving rather rough treatment from various sources.

A clerk in the Pension Bureau made reply that the enumeration of veterans in the Census of 1890 was confessedly incomplete, and that the number of survivors in 1890, "according to the ablest of actuaries and statisticians commanding all the data in the War Department was 1,355,000, or fully one-third more than the *Sun's* enumeration."

The *Sun* tried to break the force of this by pooh-poohing the "statements of a $1,200 clerk," as if a $1,200 clerk was not quite as capable of adding two and two together as a many-thousand-a-year editor.

Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census of 1890, took the matter up. He assumed that the report of 1,034,073 alive at that time was substantially correct, but disagreed radically with the *Sun's* figures as to the mortality since that time. He made an analysis of the age tables of the veterans, and comparing them with accepted actuary tables, came to the conclusion that there were 824,100 veterans alive June 1, 1897, and that there will be 792,670 alive June 1, 1898. This would make nearly 100,000 more veterans alive than the *Sun* computed. He thinks that his estimate is more likely under than over the true figure.

The *Outlook* has been making exhaustive study of the matter. It believes that there were 1,600,000 ex-soldiers and sailors alive at the close of the war. It means by this only honorably discharged men, and excludes the deserters. It estimates, and supports its estimates by the opinion of Jacob L. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., that 30 per cent of these have died since the war, making the number of survivors at this time about 1,100,000.

THE New York Court of Appeals has affirmed the right of veterans to preference in public employment. Michael Broderick, a veteran, was employed in running the elevator in the Capitol. He was discharged by the Superintendent, because the elevator was shut down for repairs. He brought suit for reinstatement, and for the amount of his salary during the time he was out of work. The Court decided that he had a right to employment as a laborer, the assignment to work at the elevator being a mere incident, and subject to the discretion of the Superintendent, who might employ him at anything else.

THE allowances of original claims by the Pension Bureau fell last week to 861.

WELCOME TO PRESIDENT DOLE.

For the first time in our history the President of a sister Republic is the Nation's guest. The circumstance that he comes to lay his great office at our feet and place in our hands the soverignty of the Pacific ocean, does not alter the fact. He will be treated accordingly.

President Dole has borne himself with dignity, and what he has said has been practical and to the point. He has pointed out in an interview with an Associated Press reporter that the sugar lands of the Hawaiian Islands being already practically under cultivation, this product will not be greatly increased, and it now comes in under the Reciprocity treaty substantially free of duty. Hence, the proposed annexation of Hawaii is no menace to the sugar beet industry. President Dole might also have said that the trans-continental railroad freights also effectually bar competition, and afford the greatest protection possible to the sugar beet industry in the interior of our country.

President Dole also called attention to the circumstance that while the sugar lands were taken up and were under cultivation already, there were great areas of coffee lands open to improvement. The growing of coffee is one of the most profitable forms of agriculture, and what is of more interest may be undertaken without the vast capital required in the sugar business.

The fact is that the battle over the annexation of Hawaii has been a conflict between the friends of the treaty and the gigantic sugar trust, between patriotism and pelf. The trust has worked stealthily but industriously The cloven foot has been kept well in the background, while all sorts of false reports as to the islands and the people have been tirelessly circulated. The fears of the timid and the self-interest of various elements have been aroused. The public mind has been studiously diverted from the vast importance of the position and directed to matters of minor detail. The whole present population of the islands would not overstock a County in Ohio or Illinois, but it has been held up as a bugaboo. It is nothing to this cormorant that their position practically commands the Pacific coast of the northern continent in this hemisphere; that its position is necessary to the domination of the Inter-Oceanic Canal that will one day unite our coasts; that without it we are at the mercy of the maritime powers struggling for mastery in the far East; that it is the only missing link left in the chain of island fortresses with which Great Britain has us surrounded. All these considerations weigh nothing against the control of sugar business by which a little coterie of New York money kings add fifteen or twenty millions a year to their hoards.

It is to tell the plain truth to the American people, and clear away the fog, that President Dole has come to see us. We will give him a hearty welcome both for his own sake and the sturdy little Republic he represents.

OPPORTUNE VICTORIES. (?)

Whenever the Cuban question breaks out in Washington the press dispatches from Havana for a few days abound with Spanish victories. Of course, it always happens that it was a false rumor, and in fact all a lie, but by close censorship over the cables they manage to do till the flurry is over. Mr. De Lome, the Spanish Minister in Washington, might just as well keep a supply on hand and save the Associated Press the expense of cable charges from Havana. He calls for them when they are considered necessary, and we respectfully suggest that he should be more considerate and have his typewriters attend to it. Then, too, if he actually dictated the reports to his stenographer all danger of a mistake would be avoided and the stories might be made a little more plausible than they now are sometimes, for Mr. De Lome is a discrete man. It is his diplomacy and not the valor of the Spanish soldiers that has saved Cuba to Spain for the past two years.

WE are sending one of the most powerful battleships in the world on "a visit of courtesy" to Havana. Probably we could have extended all the courtesies with a vessel that did not carry four 10-inch and six 6-inch rifles, but when you are doing a courtesy it is well to do it handsomely.

LET timid souls pull in the tremolo stop on their nerves. There is going to be no war with Spain. Spain ceased to be a real fighting power more than 300 years ago.

Si Klegg as a Veteran

CHAPTER XI.

Going into Winter Quarters.

The next day—Sunday—after the battle dawned as clear, bright and sparkling as only a Winter's day can dawn in Tennessee, after a fortnight of doleful deluges. Tennessee Winter weather is like the famous little girl with the curl right down the middle of her forehead, who,

"When she was good was very, very good,
And when she was bad was horrid."

After weeks of heart-saddening down-pour that threatens to drench life and hope out of every breathing thing, it will suddenly beam out in a day so crisp and bright that all Nature will wear a gladsome smile and life become jocund.

When the reveillé and the Orderly-Sergeant's brogans aroused Si and Shorty the latter's first thought was for the strip of canvas which he had secured with so much trouble from the wagon-cover, and intended to cherish for future emergencies. He felt his neck and found the strip that he had tied there, but that was all that there was of it. A sharp knife had cut away the rest so deftly that he had not felt its loss.

Shorty's boiler got very hot at once, and he began blowing off steam. Somehow he had taken an especial fancy to that piece of canvas, and his wrath was hot against the man who had stolen it.

"Condemn that ornery thief," he yelled. "He ought to be drummed out o' camp, with

SHORTY RETALIATES.

his head shaved. A man that'll steal ought to be hunted down and kicked out o' the army. He's not fit to associate with decent men."

"Why, Shorty," said Si, amused at his partner's heat, "You stole that yourself."

"I didn't do nuthin' o' the kind," snorted Shorty, "and I don't want you sayin' so, Mr. Klegg, if you don't want to git into trouble. I took it from a teamster. You ought to know it's never stealin' to take anything from a teamster. I'll bet it was some of that Toledo regiment that stole it. Them Maumee River muskrats are the durnedest thieves in the brigade. They'd steal the salt out o' your hardtack if you didn't watch 'em—not because they wanted the salt, but just because they can't help stealin'. They ought to be fired out o' the brigade. I'm going over to their camp to look for it, and if I find it I'll wipe the ground up with the feller that took it. Taint so much the value of the thing as the principle. I hate a thief above all things."

Si tried to calm Shorty and dissuade him from going, but his partner was determined, and Si let him go, but kept an eye and ear open for developments.

In a few minutes Shorty returned, with jubilation in his face, the canvas in one hand and a nice frying-pan and a canteen of molasses in the other.

"Just as I told you," he said triumphantly. "It was some o' them Maumee River muskrats. I found them asleep in a bunch o' cedars, with our nice tent stretched over their thievin' carcasses. They'd been out on guard or scoutin', and come in after we'd gone to sleep. They were still snorin' away when I yanked the tent off, an' picked up their fryin'-pan an' canteen o' molasses to remember 'em by."

"I thought you hated a thief," Si started to say; but real comrades soon learn, like husband and wife, that it is not necessary to say everything that rises to their lips. Besides, the frying-pan was a beauty, and just what they wanted.

It became generally understood during the day that the Army of the Cumberland would remain around Murfreesboro indefinitely—probably until Spring—to rest, refit and prepare for another campaign. Instructions were given to regimental commanders to select good camping ground and have their men erect comfortable Winter quarters.

The 200th Ind. moved into an oak grove, on a gentle slope toward the south, and set about making itself thoroughly at home.

Si and Shorty were prompt to improve the opportunity to house themseles comfortably.

Si had now been long enough in the army to regard everything that was not held down by a man with a gun and bayonet as legitimate capture. He passed where one of the Pioneer Corps had laid down his ax for a minute to help on some other work. That minute was spent by Si in walking away with the ax hidden under his long overcoat. Those long overcoats, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

The ax was not sharp—no army ax ever was,—but Si and Shorty's muscles were vigorous enough to make up for its dullness. In a little while they had cut down and trimmed enough oak saplings to make a pen about the size of the corn-crib at Si's home. While one would whack away with the ax the other would carry the poles, and build up the pen. By evening they had got this higher than their hands, and had to stop work from sheer exhaustion.

"I'll declare," said Si, as they sat down to eat supper and survey their work, "if father'd ever made me do half as much work in one day as I have done to-day I should have died with tiredness and then run away from home. It does seem to me that every day we try a new way of killing ourselves."

"Well," said Shorty, arresting a liberal chunk of fried pork on the way to his capacious grinders to cast an admiring glance on the structure, "it's worth it all. It'll just be the daisyest shebang in Tennessee when we git it finished I'm only afraid we'll make it so fine that Gen. Rosecrans or the Governor of Tennessee 'll come down and take it away for himself. That'd just be our luck."

"Great Scott!" said Si, looking at it with a groan. "How much work there is to do yet. What are we goin' to do for a roof? Then we must cut out a place for a door. We'll have to chink between all the logs, with mud and chunks; and we ought to have a fireplace."

"I've bin thinkin' of all them things, and I've thunk 'em out," said Shorty, cheerfully. "I've bin thinkin' while you've bin workin'. Do you know, I believe I was born for an architect, an' I'll go into the architect business after the war! I've got a head plumb full of the natural stuff for the business. It growed right there. All I need is some more know-how as to figgers an' makin' plans on paper."

"O, you've got a great big head, Shorty," said Si, admiringly, "and whatever you start to do you do splendidly. Nobody knows that better'n me. But what's your idee about the roof?"

"Why, do you see that there freight-car over there by the bridge," (pointing to where a car was off the track near Stone River.) "I've bin watchin' that ever since we begun buildin', for fear somebody else'd drop on to it. The roof of that car is tin. We'll jest slip down there with the ax after dark, an' cut off enough to make a splendid roof. I always wanted a tin-roofed house. Ole Jake Wilson, who lives near us, had a tin roof on his barn, an' it made his daughters so proud they wouldn't go home with me from meetin'. You kin write home that we have a new house with a tin roof, an' it'll help your sisters to marry better."

"Shorty, that head o' your'n gits bigger every time I look at it."

Si and Shorty had the extreme quality of being able to forget fatigue when there was something to be accomplished. As darkness settled down they picked up the ax and proceeded across the fields to the freight-car.

"There's someone in there," said Si, as they came close to it. They reconnoitered it carefully. Five or six men, without arms, were comfortably ensconced inside and playing cards by the light of a fire of pitch-pine, which they had built upon some dirt placed in the middle of the car.

"They're blamed skulkers," said Shorty, after a minute's survey of the interior. "Don't you see they haint got their guns with 'em. We won't mind 'em."

They climbed on top of the car, measured off about half of it, and began cutting through the tin with the ax. The noise alarmed the men inside. They jumped out on the ground, and called up:

"Here, what're you fellers doin' up there? This is our car. Let it alone."

"Go to the devil," said Shorty, making another slash at the roof with the ax.

"This is our car, I tell you," reiterated the men. "You let it alone, or we'll make you." Some of the men looked around for something to throw at them.

Si walked to the end of the car, tore off the brake-wheel and came back.

"You fellers down there shut up and go back inside to your cards, if you know what's good for you," he said. "You're nothing but a lot of durned skulkers. We are here under orders. We don't want nothin' but a piece o' the tin roof. You kin have the rest. If any of you attempts to throw anything I'll mash him into the ground with this wheel. Do you hear me? Go back inside, or we'll arrest the whole lot of you and take you back to your regiments."

Si's authoritative tone, and the red stripes on his arm were too much for the guilty consciences of the skulkers, and they went back inside the car. The tearing off the roof proceeded without further interruption, but with considerable mangling of their hands by the edges of the tin.

After they had gotten it off, they proceeded to roll it up and start back for their "house." It was a fearful load, and one that they would not have attempted to carry in ordinary times. But their blood was up, they were determined to outshine everybody else with their tin roof, and they toiled on over the mud and rough ground, although every little while one of them would make a misstep and both would fall, and the heavy weight would seem to mash them into the ground.

"I don't wonder old Jake Wilson was proud of his tin roof," gasped Si, as he pulled himself out of a mudhole and rolled the tin off him and Shorty. "If I'd a tin roof on my barn durned if my daughter should walk home with a man that didn't own a whole section of bottom land, and a drove o' mules to boot."

It was fully midnight before they reached their pen and laid their burden down. They were too tired to do anything more than lay their blankets down on a pile of cedar boughs and go to sleep.

The next morning they unrolled their booty and gloated over it. It would make a perfect roof, and they felt it repaid all their toils. Upon measurement they found it much larger each way than their log pen.

"Just right," said Shorty gleefully. "It'll stick out two feet all around. It's the aristocratic fashionable thing now-a-days to have wide cornishes. Remember them swell houses we wuz lookin' at in Louisville? We're right in style with them."

The rest of Co. Q gathered around to inspect it and envy them.

"I suppose you left some," said Jack Wilkinson. "I'll go down there and get the rest."

"Much you won't," said Si, looking toward the car; "there ain't no rest."

They all looked that way. Early as it was

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

the car had totally disappeared, down to the wheels, which some men were rolling away.

"That must be some o' them Maumee River muskrats," said Shorty, looking at the latter. "They'll steal anything they kin git away with, just for the sake of stealin'. What on earth kin they do with them wheels?"

They may knock 'em off the axles an' make hearths for their fireplaces, and use the axles for posts," suggested Si.

"Here, you fellers," said Shorty, "give us a lift. Let's have a house-raisin'. Help us put the roof on."

They fell to with a will, even the Captain assisting, and, after a good deal of trouble and more cut hands, succeeded in getting the piece of tin on top of the pen and bent down across the ridge-pole. Si and Shorty proceeded to secure it in place by putting other poles across it and fastening them down with ropes and strips of bark to the lower logs.

"Your broad cornice is aristocratic, as you say," said the Captain, "but I'm afraid it'll catch the wind, and tip your house over in some big storm."

"That's so," admitted Shorty; "but a feller that puts on airs always has to take some chances. I don't want people to think that we are mean and stingy about a little tin, so I guess we'll keep her just as she is."

The next day they borrowed a saw from the Pioneers, cut out a hole for the door, and another for the fireplace. They made a frame for the door out of pieces of cracker-boxes, and hung up their bit of canvas for a door. They filled up the spaces between the logs with pieces of wood, and then daubed clay on until they had the walls tight. They gathered up stones and built a commodious fireplace, daubing it all over with clay, until it was wind- and water-tight.

"What are we goin' to do for a chimney, Si?" said Shorty, as their fireplace became about breast-high. "Build one o' sticks, like these rebels around here? That'll be an awful lot o' work.

"I've had an idee," said Si. "I aint goin' to let you do all the thinkin', even if you are a born architect. When I was helpin'

SOLID COMFORT.

draw rations yesterday, I looked at the pork-barrels, and got an idee that one of them'd make a good chimney. I spoke to Bill Suggs, the Commissary-Sergeant, about it, and he agreed to save me the barrel when it was empty, which it must be about now. I'll go down and see him about it."

Si presently came back rolling the empty barrel. They knocked the bottom out, carefully plastered it over inside with clay, and set it up on their firephace, and made the joints with more clay. It made a splendid chimney. They washed the clay off their hands, built a cheerful fire inside, cooked a bountiful supper, and ate it in the light and comfort of their own fireside. It was now Saturday night. They had had a week of severer toil than they had ever dreamed of performing at home, but its reward was ample.

"Ah," said Shorty, as he sat on a chunk of wood, pipe in mouth, and absorbed the warmth, "this is something like home and home comforts. It's more like white livin' than I've had since I've bin in the army. Let's act like men and Christians to-morrow, by not doin' a lick o' work o' any kind. Let's lay abed late, and then wash up all over, and go to hear the Chaplain preach."

"Agreed," said Si, as he spread out their blankets for the night.

It had been threatening weather all day, and now the rain came down with a rush.

"Isn't that music, now," said Shorty, listening to the patter on the roof. "Nothin' sounds so sweet as rain upon a tin roof. Let it rain cats and dogs, if it wants to. The harder the better. Si, there's nothin' so healthy to sleep under as a tin roof. I'll never have anything but a tin roof on my house when I git home. And we've got the only tin roof in the regiment. Think o' that."

But Si was too sleepy to even think.

[*To be continued.*]

MUSTERED OUT.

RADDATZ.—At Lehighton, Pa., Charles Raddatz, aged 62. He was born in Reglu-wadie, Prussia, and at the age of 14 came to the United States. He served three years in the navy during the war, and was a member of Bertolette Post, 434, and the Farragut Naval Veterans Association of Philadelphia. A widow and two children survive him.

WHITESIDE.—At Alexander, N. Y., Robert Whiteside, Co. A, 105th N. Y., aged 64. He was a member of Taylor Post, Attica.

SCHOFIELD.—At Montesano, Wash., Thomas D. Schofield, aged 64. He enlisted in the 9th Mich., and served as Corporal until discharged on account of disability, Sept. 10, 1862. He then recruited an additional company for the 22d Mich., and was elected Captain. He was taken prisoner at Petersburg, but escaped from prison at Columbia, S. C., and joined Sherman's army. He studied law and moved from Michigan to Hastings, Neb. in 1882 he settled at Montesano.

UNDERWOOD.—At Chelsea, Kan., E. B. Underwood, Co. I, 8d Pl., aged 60. Comrade Underwood was a member of W. H. L. Wallace Post, 66, El Dorado, Kan.

ALLEN.—At Highland, Kan., Dr. David Allen, Co. G, 2d Neb. Cav., aged 72. Comrade Allen was an Odd Fellow, but had never been mustered into the G.A.R. He was drawing a pension.

BRAY.—At Newburyport, Mass., Eben Bray, 48th Mass., aged 68. After serving his first enlistment he joined the 4th Mass. H. A., in which he served until the end of the war. He was a member of Post 48, Newburyport.

HECTOR.—In Center Township, Allemakee County, Iowa, Andrew Hector, Co. B, 27th Iowa, aged 54. Comrade Hector was born in Sweden. He was a member of Hemenway Post, 344.

CHAPIN.—At the National Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kan., John G. Chapin, Co. G, 10th Ill. He was a member of Henry W. Martin Post, Department of Oklahoma.

MOULTON.—At Chicago, Ill., Newell H. Moulton, Co. F, 1st Wis. H. A. Interment at Forest Home Cemetery.

VAN VELZER.—At Chicago, Ill., Walter Van Velzer, Co. B, 105th Ill. Interment at Brush Hill Cemetery.

LOYD.—At Chicago, Ill., William Loyd, Corporal, Co. B, 1st Kan. Interment at Rose Hill Cemetery.

BROOKINS.—At Chicago, Ill., A. Brookins, First Lieutenant, Co. M, 24th N. Y. Cav.

ROBERTSON.—At Carrington, N. D., John H. Robertson, First Sergeant, Co. K, 8th Iowa, aged 55. The funeral was conducted by John A. Logan Post, 21, of which the deceased was a charter member. He leaves a widow and three children.

RIDGE.—At Allegheny, Pa., Wm. A. Ridge, Co. K, 13th Pa., and Knap's Battery. He was a member of Post 88. A widow, one daughter and four sons survive him.

HANCOCK.—At De Haven, Pa., Maj. John Hancock, 1st Md., aged 72. At the breaking out of the war Comrade Hancock was commissioned First Lieutenant. He remained in service until the close of the war, when he was mustered out as Brevet Major. He received many saber wounds, and was twice shot. He was once captured by the rebels, and sentenced to be shot in retaliation for a similar act alleged to have been committed by the Union forces, but escaped and rejoined his command. He was a charter member of Ripley Post, 11.

SMITH.—At Rochester, Ind., of disease contracted in the service, Orlando C. Smith, Co. K, 46th Ind., aged 62. He leaves a widow.

YOUNG.—At Marcellus, Mich., Serg't James Young, Co. C, 55th Ohio, aged 72. He was a member of Post 27. A widow and seven children survive him.

MORGAN.—At Toledo, O., Jan. 8, Col. Benj. Morgan, 75th Ohio, aged 74. Col. Morgan was born in Sussex County, England. He entered the army as Captain of Co. F, 75th Ohio, in October, 1861, was promoted Major, May 3, 1863, and Lieutenant-Colonel a few months later. He remained with his regiment until the close of the war. He was seriously wounded at Gettysburg, and at Gainesville was taken prisoner. He was in the hands of the rebels seven months.